

## Tribulus Terrestris

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## Tribulus Terrestris

by [orphan\\_account](#)

### Summary

“Can we just please know what flowers I can avoid so we can just move on?!” George cried, standing up and sticking his hands on his hips.

Dream, who was in the middle of giving Sapnap a violent noogie, stopped instantly. Both of them looked at George, then each other, before peeling apart. “Oh, yeah. Totally.” Dream said. He snatched his phone out of Sapnap’s hand and nudged him away. “Okay, uh... Green flowers. Green flowers are the big red flag.”

### Notes

this was a request from my friend, who was also drunk at the time. enjoy.

also this fic is named after an actual aphrodisiac flower which is wild, right?

**Tribulus Terrestris**

“Here’s the packet with all the details.” Dream passed his phone to Sapnap. “I read over it a little but basically, here’s the gist. This plug-in - “

“Doesn’t really look different.” George interrupted. He sat crossed-legged in the soft grass and let out a sigh. “I just wanted to go to the beach or something.”

“Can you not be such a downer before this even starts?” Sapnap bent down and flicked the back of George’s head.

“He didn’t sleep well last night. Cut him some slack.” Dream said. “Anyways, back to what I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted. This mod has like seven new types of flowers. And apparently they all have cool, like, powers. Or effects. Spells? Whatever you call it. So like, for example, extra limbs.”

Sapnap narrowed his amber eyes at the phone. “Wait, wait. You’re telling me that we have unlimited time in a survival world where I could sniff a flower and grow extra limbs? Dude, this is lit as fuck!”

“Extra limbs?!” George cried. “What?!”

“Each flower, old or new, can give you cool shit. There are a few we are advised to avoid though...” Dream trailed off. “Can’t remember which ones, though. Sapnap, read the packet faster!”

“If your text wasn’t set to be so fucking huge, I would be done by now!” Sapnap cried. “You’re like emotionally ninety years old.”

“Go fuck yourself!”

The noise of the two men starting to roughhouse behind George just caused him to deflate more and more. His enthusiasm was already at an all time low, but it got worse by the minute. This trip wasn’t his idea. He had personally voted to them to get a nice creative world and spend a week or two just relaxing in a big palace where they could build roller coasters, go to the beach and just have a good time. It had been so, so long since he felt like he had rested.

But no. Of course, rest was out of the picture. Instead, Dream wanted to go to a survival world. And maybe that could have been worked around, maybe there could be a compromise present. But then Sapnap said he wanted to beta-test someone’s plug-in, since apparently it’s good money to test people’s unfinished codes. But risking his sanity and his limbs and his possible extra limbs was not something George deemed monetizable.

And it’s not even good money.

It was for thirty bucks.

George was stuck in this stupid flower world for thirty bucks.

“Can we just please know what flowers I can avoid so we can just move on?!” George cried, standing up and sticking his hands on his hips.

Dream, who was in the middle of giving Sapnap a violent noogie, stopped instantly. Both of them looked at George, then each other, before peeling apart. “Oh, yeah. Totally.” Dream said. He snatched his phone out of Sapnap’s hand and nudged him away. “Okay, uh...Green flowers. Green flowers are the big red flag.”

George felt a stress headache coming on. "Green?"

"Yep. They don't say why. But avoid them. Apparently there's a glitch they haven't been able to solve yet." Dream shrugged. "But that's easy. Every other color is perfectly a-okay!"

George pulled his backpack off of him and started to dig through it. "Well, fine. This should be..." He trailed off and his bright two-toned eyes went wide. "Oh, no."

"Oh, no?" Sapnap raised an eyebrow.

"I can't...I can't seem to...Oh, fuck me sideways!" George cried. "I forgot my glasses!"

Sapnap's eyes widened. "Oh. Yeah, that's an oh, no."

"Why is that an oh, no?" Dream asked. "You can survive a week without your dumb little clout goggles."

"Dude." Sapnap said, deadpan. "The clout goggles make him see green."

Dream straightened up with the realization. "Oh. Oh, yeah. Fuck, I was the one who bought those, I probably should have remembered that. Sorry."

"I'll just avoid any yellow flowers just to be safe. Can't mix them up if I don't do a thing." George said and pinched the bridge of his nose. "God, I'm already tired of this."

"Yellow ones are healing, though! You can't avoid them." Sapnap said. "So, hey. It's like Russian Roulette if you die or get stronger. That's fun." He walked over and jabbed George in the ribs with his elbow. "That being said, I'll try to help make sure you don't die."

"Same. Just don't sniff stuff when we aren't around." Dream put a hand on George's shoulder. "We've got you. Or, more specifically, I've got you."

"I was planning on putting a snake in your bed tonight so, yeah. Only trust Dream." Sapnap said.

George leaned into Dream's touch. "I'm very aware that Dream is the only person here I can trust. Because he would be too scared to pick up the snake."

"Hey!" Sapnap cried. "That's a bold-faced lie."

"Let's just go find a place to camp out before we all kill each other." Dream started to laugh. "Come on." He pushed past both of them and started to lead the group through the fields of lush green grass.

The weather was cool, a nice early-spring breeze brushing along their skins as they walked. Usually they camped out somewhere quiet. Dream actually preferred building homes in snowy biomes, and usually that was where they would end up. But the more they walked, the more they realized that this world must be mostly plains and sparse oak forests. There wasn't anything too intense, too out of the norm.

George was actually very pleased with this. It ensured his rest.

But Sapnap was already getting bored.

"Okay, guys. Fuck it!" He cried after an hour of hiking. "I can't do this anymore! All these places look the same! I want to *feel something*." He clenched his fists and turned to the group. "Are you guys with me?"

“Does this mean we’re leaving already?” George raised an eyebrow. “Lovely.”

“No, it means *this* !” Sarnap darted to the side, picked up the first flower he saw in the field and stuffed his face into it.

“It’s orange.” Dream leaned down and gently said to George. “Just so you know.”

Sarnap’s entire body lit up bright orange before it disappeared all at once, leaving Sarnap standing there with a confused face and a third leg.

Then he noticed his new body and became ecstatic.

“Look how punk that is!” Sarnap wiggled his third leg. “It even came with a Gucci slide!”

“I’m just happy your pants morphed to match.” Dream cocked his head. “It’s kind of gross that the knee goes the other way, though.”

Sarnap shrugged. “You can’t win them all.”

George and Dream shared a look as Sarnap tried to run with his new leg. Green eyes met brown and blue through the white resin mask and they both started to laugh. Dream pointed at George. “Okay, your turn. Quick, before Sarnap gets a second head.”

“Oh, I can’t live in a world where Sarnap can talk twice as much. Don’t mind if I do.”

Dream turned to George and bowed dramatically. “After you, Sir George.” He gestured to a clump of grey flowers to their left. “Don’t worry. It’s red. You’re good.”

George walked right over and sniffed without hesitation. He felt a weird tickle crawl over his skin. It flowed like syrup from his head to his toes. It was an odd sensation, and even odder because there was no light that surrounded him. Nothing visual happened.

George stood back up and shook his head. “Um...I don’t notice any – “

“Dude!” Dream cried. He waved his arms around in front of him. “You’re invisible!”

A sneaky smile curled up on George’s face. “I am? So Sarnap can’t see me coming?”

“Oh, fuck.” Sarnap started to laugh. “George, I’m suddenly very sorry for all the times I gave you a wet willy – “ He was cut off when the wind was knocked out of him.

“Eat shit!” George yelled, his voice full of laughter.

Sarnap groaned. “I think you killed my liver!”

“Catch me if you can!” George cried as he started to yell and run through the grassy field. Right as he was going, though, he tripped and fell face-first in a flower that looked like a dark blue to him. He inhaled accidentally, and his body felt like it had been run over by a truck. He shook like he was having some kind of seizure, then everything leveled out and he was left dizzy and groaning.

“Dude! Are you good?” Dream was suddenly above him, reaching out a hand. “I couldn’t see you, and then all the sudden you were like totally dead - wait...do you have cat ears?”

“What?” George rolled over and looked up at him.

Dream was haloed by the sun behind him. “Dude. You have cat ears.”

George reached up and felt two delicate, fluffy ears from the top of his head.

Sapnap walked over on his tripod of limbs, scrolling through Dream's phone. "Okay so...The list is incomplete but red is for being invisible for an hour, and orange is...sweet, my leg can last until we leave the server!"

George sat up. "Sapnap! Why do I have cat ears?!"

"Uh..." Sapnap scrolled faster and faster. "Purple is...Oh, dark purple is shapeshifting. You can do basically whatever. So..." He looked at George and raised an eyebrow. "You gave *yourself* cat ears."

George pushed himself up and shook his head. "No, no, I don't want that!" He felt something tingle on his head.

"They're gone. Damn." Dream said, his shoulders slumping in disappointment.

George looked at his hand and concentrated very hard. His hand seemed to morph before his eyes, and with an odd tingle and a little bit of blue light, his hand was now a cat paw.

"Dude." Sapnap said. "Stop being a furry."

"I'm just testing it!" George scowled. Then, he closed his eyes and tried to think of only one thing, the one thing he knew would annoy his friends the most. When he opened his eyes, he was looking over Dream's mask. He was looking over Dream's *head*. In fact, he was a whole two inches taller than Dream.

His smile was toxically smug.

"Woah." Sapnap said. "Does that affect your dick too or are you just a super lanky noodle now?"

"I can't believe the first thing you did is be taller than me." Dream was practically pouting. "Why do you hate me?"

George was going to make a sarcastic comment, but he jumped as he suddenly lost a whole heart. "Hey! Did someone hit me?"

Sapnap held up Dream's phone. "Each power has a set-back. Yours must be that you get damaged the more you push yourself."

Dream looked at Sapnap. "What about you?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. I feel constipated but I don't think that's related."

"Ew. Stop talking." George said as he turned back to his normal height. "Your turn, Dream."

Dream was already bent over and rolling in a spot of pink flowers without another word. He perked up, shaking his head like he had just gotten hit. When he was steady again, he stood up straight.

Then he was suddenly gone.

George and Sapnap whipped around as they heard laughter behind them. There stood Dream, smiling and clapping like a young kid.

"Teleporting!" Dream said in a sing-song voice. And then, instantaneously, he was in front of George and booped his nose with one finger. He was gone in a flash, his voice now coming from

the top of a tall tree. "This is awesome!" He cried.

George turned to Sapnap and shook his head. "He's extra unbearable now."

"He's going to pop into our rooms at night, naked and ready." Sapnap said. "Are you emotionally prepared to deal with Dream endermaning all over the map?"

"Not in the slightest." George turned and continued to watch Dream popping around the field and the trees. He couldn't keep the endeared smile from his lips. "Come on, Dream! We have to set up house for the week!"

Dream was in front of him within moments. "I was thinking right here, actually. If you guys are cool with it."

"Why?" George asked.

"I don't want to walk through chunks of fields only to end up basically here again." Dream said. "Come on, I'll build the entire house myself if it means you guys don't make me teleport a million blocks away."

"You had me at 'you'll do all the work while I sit on my ass.'" Sapnap said. "Build away."

As Dream slaved away at building them a home unnecessarily tall and unnecessarily elaborate, George watched Sapnap try to pick every single orange flower in the area. "Just in case." Sapnap had said. "Don't want to lose my leg."

When all three of them were done setting up their spaces, George stepped out to get some fresh water. Dream had brought plenty of iron, so with a pair of armor pants and a set of buckets George set out to make himself useful right after the sun went down.

The forest he walked through was bare of vegetation compared to the rest of the world he had seen. It was normal, free of flowers or any kind of mutated plants. It was just a forest. The mundane nature of it was welcoming,

Yes, this trip was going fine. But George coveted peace, and he would never get that as long as Dream was bouncing around reality and Sapnap was trying to turn himself into a six-legged beast.

Because of that, the forest was a nice reprieve.

As George walked back, though, with his buckets of water in his inventory in tow, he noticed that the path he was walking on was a bit different this time. He must have made a different turn at a different tree, maybe stepped too far to the left. All he knew is that now that the path he was walking on now was covered in flowers. Even though it didn't excite him, the flowers weren't a disappointment. All were beautiful, and all were bright shiny yellow.

Which could mean they *aren't* yellow.

A vague, challenging voice sounded in the back of his own head. It was a bad part of George but he couldn't seem to ignore it. George paused and crouched down by one of the blossoms. He was a little agitated. He should be able to figure this out on his own - he was smart and capable and all the same kind of clever as his friends. This should be easy.

He focused on the flower in front of him. He squinted a bit. There was no doubt in his mind this was a yellow flower. The light was hitting it just right. It was a different color than the shade on the stem. And he needed a few hearts refilled anyway. He could already hear Dream berating him

in his head if he got it wrong. So he checked, double checked, and then took a deep breath.

George leaned down, and he sniffed.

As soon as he did, he was hit with a wave of heat. His hair stood up on end and it started to prickle, as if every inch of his body had a sunburn. His eyes started to water, and his pupils dilated so wide that the light of the moon started to burn.

His knees buckled and he doubled over. The urge to vomit crept up his throat until he was falling over in the grass with drool pouring out of his lips. He was shaking, convulsing, hands grabbing desperately at the air as his vision went dark for one, two, three seconds.

Then, it was like he was let go. The hand he was fisted in opened. George was left lying on the ground, looking at the moon through the branches.

He started to move. He blinked hard and brought his hands to his face. He had a fever and his skin on his face was coated in a weird soft dust. As he wiped his face, the smell of sugar and alcohol overtook him. As he rolled to his side, he felt a tingle every time grass licked his skin.

George tried to push himself up next, and that's when the real problem was revealed. In his way, pressing against his jeans, was an erection as hard as a diamond. He rose to his feet and winced. Standing hurt. Walking was a whole different story.

He wasn't stupid - this was a byproduct of that stupid plant. The blossoms had affected him in some weird, biological way. His blood was carrying the pollen through his organs and poisoned his cells one by one. Was it toxic? He didn't know. But he did know that he was extremely turned on in the worst possible way.

This was extremely inconvenient.

"Okay." He said to himself. "Think. Think of something gross. Like...my grandmother. Well, actually, that feels rude to do. Hold on. Maybe...Think of Sapnap. That should work!"

But it didn't work. It stayed the same.

He decided that a quick tug in the woods wouldn't do him any harm. But he realized very quickly, with his hand down his pants and his eyes squeezed shut, that this wasn't going to work.

There was something different about the feeling he had - there was an *itch*. An itch that existed inside of him, in a way he couldn't reach or didn't know how to tame. It wouldn't be fixed with any kind of touch. He needed something.

And he had no clue how to find it.

George tried to clean himself up, even though he could feel his chest sticking to his shirt from his sweat. He brushed himself off and tried to clean the dirt from his hands. Then, he walked in the direction of the group's house and tried to think of the least sexy things he could imagine.

As he made it home, though, he realized that this could be a very serious, very real problem.

He bit off more than he could chew.

He decided that this would be easier to handle alone, in his room. Admitting to Sapnap and Dream that he accidentally smelled a green flower would be humiliating, and doing it while having to explain that the green flower gave him an aphrodisiac experience would be even worse. He would

never hear the end of it.

He was close to making it to his room unnoticed before Dream suddenly appeared next to him. George yelped, startled by the annoying teleportation bullshit, and then sighed in aggravation. "Yes, Dream?"

"Your face is bright red." Dream said, looming over him like some kind of obnoxious creature of the night. "You good?"

"Yeah, I'm fine." George said through gritted teeth. "I'm just tired."

"Do you want to stay up and play cards with me and Sapnap?"

"No, I'm tired."

"Well, do you want to just watch?" Dream asked.

"No, I'm tired." George repeated.

"What about – "

"I'm tired!" George cried. "And I will see you in the morning! Good night!" He scurried past Dream to his room and his bed. As soon as he reached it, he buried himself under the sheets and curled up.

This was hell.

He didn't sleep at all. In fact, he was too awake to even do anything. He just lay there, twitching and trying to avoid the urge to hump everything around him. By the time his friends were awake and packing up the camp, his shirt was soaked through with sweat.

His jeans were far too tight now as well, but it could have been worse. At least he had armor to cover up his embarrassingly needy bulge.

The problems only got worse and worse, and finally George came to the conclusion that he needed some divine intervention to fix this mistake.

While Sapnap and Dream were busy trying to play soccer with Sapnap's extra leg, George was running off into the woods again under the guise of trying to find another pink flower. "Teleporting sounds awesome!" He had said. "Now don't bother me."

He searched for a little too long before finally finding a group of yellow flowers. He inhaled sharply before falling onto his knees in the grass in front of the blossoms, adjusting himself around his ever-present erection.

Maybe, just maybe, this flower could help fix this. The yellow flowers were *healing*. This was a sickness, so it had to be able to be healed. And this flower in front of him had to be yellow. He had pulled off a flower and held it up to the sunlight and everything. He stared at it for nearly twenty minutes before leaning in to sniff it. This had to be it.

But it wasn't.

His eyes squeezed shut as a chill of electricity bolted up his spine. His back arched and his knees spread. He let out a whine, pawing at the front of his shirt and pants while cursing the world around him. It was worse the second time. It was more the second time. His body wanted to act on



its own and bend over.

At this point, he would welcome a very painful blow to the head if it meant the fact he wasn't full of aphrodisiacs to the point of being floored.

He didn't know how he got to this position, but after a few minutes George had the hem of his shirt in his mouth and was tracing the dips and curves of his chest with his shaking fingers. The need was becoming too much. George was practically writhing in the grass.

But he knew he couldn't be out here much longer without Dream or Sapnap coming to find him. The last thing he needed was his friends to walk in on him playing with himself.

He allowed himself a minute more of bucking into his hand, denim scraping against his palm, cries escaping his lips and tears brimming in his eyes.

Then he stood up, straightened himself up, and tried to look like a normal person as he sweat and stumbled his way back to their little house.

George didn't want to be dramatic, but his life was flashing before his eyes. He had been hard now for almost a full twenty-four hours. Wasn't that deadly? What happened to the blood in there? Was that why his vertigo was so bad?

He was an embarrassment to humanity.

Once again when he got home, a certain blonde man had been waiting for his return with anticipation. Dream was always like this, and most of the time it was an act of kindness that left pink on George's cheeks. But this weekend, it was a burden.

"Hey! George!" Dream cried, teleporting from the roof of the house down to the front door in the blink of an eye.

George flinched and turned away. "Hi, Dream. And goodbye, Dream." He pushed through the front door and started to try to maneuver the hallway to his room without the blonde getting in his way.

That seemed impossible, though. Dream was everywhere he stepped.

"Did you find any pink ones?" He asked.

George shook his head. "No, no. None. Just want to nap now. Would love to take a long, long nap."

Dream raised an eyebrow. "You slept all night and morning. Are you not feeling well?"

"I am *fine*." George said. He whipped around to slip into his room, but Dream was standing there too. And now they were only inches away from each other, chests nearly touching.

"You good? You kind of smell like cotton candy. And...vodka? What?" Dream chuckled. "Dude, what did you do?"

George took a few steps back. "I didn't do anything and I am fine!" Dream was too close to George. Way too close. Dream's scent was overwhelming his senses. His brain was full of a lime green fog, made of Axe body spray and laundry detergent and expired soda.

This was rough. Sure, Dream was attractive, but this was a whole new level to George. His lips

were inviting. His neck looked tragically barren of bitemarks. His hands were so *big*.

He needed this fixed before he did something stupid.

“You know, if something is wrong you can tell me.” Dream’s voice dropped to a quiet gravelly tone as he whispered.

And the whispering did not make things easier.

“Yes, Dream. Thank you. You are a lovely friend. Thank you. Now I will disappear. Alone. And it has nothing to do with this conversation.” George covered his face with his hands as he walked around him. “Now go away! Please!”

“Wait!”

George’s entire existence shattered as Dream grabbed his shoulder and turned him around. He could feel himself starting to leak precum into his boxers, the fabric becoming wet so quickly that he almost thought he had spoiled himself.

“Dude.” Dream’s voice was so soft. So worried. And it only encouraged the fluids. “You can talk to me. I...I know I probably made you upset by not listening to what you wanted with vacation. And that’s my fault.”

The brunette shook his head. “No, no, Dream - “

“And I know I’m not always the most attentive guy, alright? But I really care about you. Like a lot. A *lot*. And you can talk to me if you need anything.” He squeezed George’s shoulder. George bit his tongue until blood drew, just to avoid moaning. “George, you’re one of my favorite people in the universe. Just...You can talk to me, okay?”

George nodded silently. Opening his mouth would be too risky.

Then Dream pulled him in for a hug. George didn’t hug back. He didn’t move a muscle. Instead he grimaced and fought to keep his knees from buckling. The feeling of physical contact was so much - everything was *so much*. He wanted to bury his face in Dream’s chest and pull at his friend’s sweatshirt with his teeth. He wanted to fall to his knees and hump his leg like a wild animal.

But he just stayed still until Dream finally backed off.

Then he ran to his room.

He closed the door and stumbled to the other side of the room, leaning against the far wall of the room.

There was now a wet stain on the front of his pants, and it was growing fast. And now his hands were twitching. Every movement felt like a chore. Anytime George moved, anytime anything even just barely brushed against his skin, he felt like his eyes were going to roll back in his head and he was going to start whining.

This was, quite possibly, the worst thing to ever happen to him.

He didn’t want to get to this point, but it was the only thing he could think of. He needed to try to fix this himself.

He unzipped his pants and worried his lip between his teeth. While yes, he was hard, he didn’t feel

like this could do anything to help them. There was something else he needed. But he couldn't quite place it. He pulled his boxers down just enough to slip out his member. The tip was practically purple, the length coated with slick. He winced as it bounced against his stomach.

This wasn't going to work. But he would try anyway.

George tenderly took his length into his hand and let out a pained cry from the instant overstimulation. He had barely even gotten a single stroke in before he felt like he was going dizzy from the feeling. It was just too much – he couldn't do it.

He tucked himself away again, biting his lip to stop himself from crying, and zipped up his pants.

This was a futile effort. He was going to die here, with a killer boner and sweaty pits.

Trying to touch himself must have made everything much worse, though. Because as he stood up, the front of his jeans was made even stickier by a new on-slot of precum. His knees started to buckle with the flood of warmth. He couldn't hold back the loud, lewd moan that escaped his flushed lips. He stuck a hand down his pants again and palmed at himself, even if it hurt.

He was interrupted in his suffering with a voice by the door. "Hey George, I forgot to - " The voice trailed off. George whipped around to find Dream standing there, freshly teleported in, his mouth agape and his cheeks pink. "Did I, uh...I'm sorry, I... was interrupting - " He looked like he didn't know if he should run or stay.

George didn't know which option he preferred yet. "Dream!" He cried, his hand flying out of his pants and crossing against his crotch. "I, uh..." Overwhelmed tears started to well in his eyes.

"What the fuck is up with you this weekend?" Dream said. His voice wasn't angry. He seemed more concerned than anything.

"Dream, I don't..." His words broke off into a desperate sob as he stood there covering himself. "It just won't stop. And I can't make it go away!"

"What...George, what are you talking about?"

"I smelled a green flower now my body can't stop fucking rebelling!" George cried. "I can't fucking get off and I feel like I'm going to die if I don't!" He started to word-vomit, his need to confide in his best friend overriding his embarrassment. "I tried to fix it but I keep fucking up and I thought I could tell green from yellow but I couldn't and I'm trying my best to get through this, but fuck. I'm scared and I'm desperate."

Dream took cautious steps forward. "Okay. Well, uh, breathe. Can you give me any more details?"

"No!" George almost screamed. "It was a stupid flower and it gave me a stupid boner!"

Dream's hands were up in surrender as he approach. "Well, that's easily fixed, yeah? In theory? Come on, let me see if you have a fever." His hand touched George's forehead and George might as well have started purring. He leaned into the touch and parted his lips, eyes shutting and body keening.

Dream's freckled face was red in an instant. "Uh, okay. Heard. Let's, uh..." He now felt hyperaware of everything having to do with George. "Let's get you into bed, yeah? That nap might help."

He bent down and picked George up by the waist, holding him a few inches off the floor to get

him to the bed. As he held him effortlessly in the air, George was busy stifling moans into Dream's chest and hoping that the slick dripping down his thighs wasn't going to stain his jeans.

Dream rubbed calming circles along the side of George's cheek as he gently lowered him onto the bed. "It's okay, George." He gently shushed him. "We're going to fix this, alright? I'm here. I'm with you." Dream froze as still as stone as George bucked up into him. His legs were shaking under him. "George. Come on. Let's lie down." His plan has been to lay his friend down and coax him to sleep. But the universe had different plans.

When George's back hit the bed, his self-control was gone. Any form of inhibition he had melted away. His mind was nothing but clouds. He only had one thought, one objective: get fucked.

Hard.

"Dream..." George whined. "Dream, I need it." He tightened his grip around Dream's shoulder's. His vision was swimming, the other man coming in and out of focus. All he was sure of was that Dream was warm – so warm, painfully warm, desperately warm. All George knew was that warmth.

George moved his hips again, his erection brushing against Dream's thigh. "Dream...I need it. Please."

Dream's jaw went slack when the sound of George's hushed moans hit his ears. "What do you need?" He said breathlessly.

George answered with blown pupils under lidded eyes. "You."

Dream stared at George, flushed and laid out on the sheets, and didn't waste another moment before leaning down and capturing George's lips in his own.

They kissed, viciously and hungrily, teeth clashing and hands fumbling for some kind of hold. George tangled his finger's in Dream's hand and pulled, dragging him fully onto the bed without breaking the kiss for even a second. As George fought to get friction, Dream moved his hands down to fumble with George's fly. "Come on." He muttered. "Let me take these off of you."

"Keep everything else on." George spoke into Dream's mouth. "Don't waste my time."

Dream didn't. He pulled away, eliciting a whine from George from the contact break. He slipped of George's jeans and boxers in one swoop, pausing in awe as he saw George's leaking cock. He didn't know what he expected, but he did know that George was in obvious need of assistance.

And who was he to deny a friend?

"Dream." George crawled closer and pressed himself chest to chest with the other as soon as his pants hit the ground. "I've been wanting this for too long."

"Same." Dream whispered back. Even though they probably meant different things.

"Dream?"

"Yeah?"

"Prep me. Then fuck me."

Dream nodded fast. "Say less."

One finger felt like nothing. Two felt like one. And three finally felt like George was getting some kind of release. His legs were spread wide and his knees were by his head, and the whole image just encouraged Dream to go faster. He stretched his fingers wider, opening George up and cursing under his breath at the sight.

He reached up with his free hand and lifted his mask over his head. He wanted to see everything clearly. It wasn't every day your very pretty best friend was laid out in front of you, begging for you to rail him into the mattress. And that's the only thing that Dream really had the energy to think of.

George was really, really pretty.

And he was going to rail him.

Dream pulled out his hand and stretched it before returning with four fingers. He scissored them inside George and delighted in the string of expletives that rushed out of George's mouth. Then, without missing a beat, he unzipped his pants, whipped out his cock, and forced his way into George's tight hole.

When Dream bottomed out, George revelled in the stretch, swaying his hips to feel his entrance clench around the blonde's member.

"Holy fuck..." Dream hissed. He took a moment to settle inside the other, but not for George's benefit. George was so warm and wet that Dream was sure he would cum the moment he started to move. But he took a deep breath and held back. He traced a finger down George's thighs and took in shaking breaths. "George. What the hell did you get yourself into?"

"You're asking *now*?!"

Dream relaxed and squeezed George's thighs. "Yeah, maybe. Seems like a good time for a conversation, yeah?"

"If you wait any longer, I think I'll die!" George pushed back with his hips. "Just go already!"

The first thrust could only be compared to the feeling of the biggest drop of a rollercoaster. George's stomach flipped and his head felt light. Then everything started going very, very fast. Dream was strong. Dream had stamina. And Dream was not merciful. He started to thrust, hard and fast, and George buckled under the force.

But then he slowed to a roll, a quiet sway of the hips. Dream pulled his sweatshirt up and out of the way before laying on top of George and kissing him again. It was sloppy and primal, more spit than tongue, desperate grabbing and fumbling for anything to hold onto, fighting for any way to feel.

When they pulled away, they stared at each other and panted as they continued to roll their hips against each other. Dream leaned forward and pressed his forehead to George's. He used his thumb to wipe up a string of drool from the corner of George's lips. "You taste fucking amazing." He moved on hand down to trace the outline of George's throat against his skin. "I don't want to stop kissing you."

"Don't stop moving." George pushed down on Dream's shoulders to deepen his thrust. "Don't stop moving, fuck, please. No matter what happens, don't stop!"

"Not planning on it." Dream said, his hips pistoning a hard and fast again into George's smaller body. Dream's muscular hips were wider and stronger than his, and it made George feel so

beautifully full of Dream's large cock. Every inch of his member was felt inside him as George's back arched.

Dream pushed himself up to settle on his knees and maneuvered George's legs until they were up straight, feet up by Dream's head. George let out small mewling noises with his head thrown back as Dream fucked into him slow and deep, taking his time to watch every facial expression George was making. "Fuck, baby, you look so beautiful like this." He said.

He started to increase his speed again, egged on by the feeling of George's feet brushing against the hood of his sweatshirt. Dream dug his thumbs into the pale hip bones in front of him and gripped tight until bruises were sure to form. "I can't tell you how many times I've thought about this." Dream said. "You're even better than I could have ever fucking imagined."

George's eyes fluttered open and he looked up at Dream like he had hung the moon. He was gone, out of his mind, consumed by the feeling of the two of them moving against each other. It was close to perfect.

But it wasn't perfect yet.

There was still that *feeling* - that insatiable fire deep inside of George that had been begging to be put out from the first moment he sniffed that first green flower. It had only gotten worse and worse as time went on. Each hour without skin against his skin had been worse than death itself.

And now he was so close to unlocking the secret to making that fire stop.

"Dream...Dream!" He choked out.

"Yes, George?"

"I need more!" He pushed with his legs until Dream slipped out of him. The emptiness made him curse loudly as he rolled himself over and pushed himself up onto his hands and knees, facing away from Dream. "Don't hold back!" He looked over his shoulder and stuck out his plump ass. "Come on!"

Dream was completely still for a moment. His emerald eyes were wide. His lips were open in shock. The image of George bent over and ready for him was something that would be stuck in his mind for the rest of his life and he was so grateful for it.

He moved forward and guided his length back into George's entrance. With George folded like this, he was tighter. So much tighter that Dream saw stars. Dream exhaled slowly to steady himself. But he wasn't even ready before George started to lower his hands until his face was buried in the sheets.

"Go on." George pushed his hips back. "Fuck me."

Dream was happy to oblige.

Finally, there was the itch that George needed to scratch. As Dream rammed into his prostate, over and over and over, his eyes saw bright green stars as they rolled up and his mouth hung open. "Yes, yes, yes! Fuck, yes!" He cried. And that's all he could bring himself to repeat as he got lost in his bliss. The denim of Dream's jeans added to the friction against his thighs, dragging him closer to the finish line by the second.

"George, fuck, you're so tight..." Dream huffed. His large hands sat on George's waist, and the brunette looked so small like this that Dream didn't know much more he could handle. "Look at

you. Fuck, you take my cock so fucking well. Such a tiny little fucker, aren't you? Holy shit, you look so good on my dick." He rambled.

George screamed into the sheets as his shoulders dropped down. His limbs were limp, leaving him held up by Dream's arms and Dream's cock. The fucking was relentless, and George started to feel the same burning and same nausea he felt the first time he sniffed the green flowers. His vision started to fuzz, and the pressure inside him built and built and built until finally, finally, for the first time in too long, George felt release.

He came, hard, cum splashing against himself. The last thing he remembered feeling was warm, vicious liquid spilling inside of him. Then he was laying against Dream's chest, cum stains on his shirt and cum pooling between his milky thighs. Dream was breathing hard, hands rubbing George's arm. George only had vague flashes of getting tangled up like this after they both flopped onto the bed.

"Holy shit." Dream muttered to himself. "Holy fuck..."

Reality was crashing down around George. It was like he had lived the last day or so in a lime daze. Once the gravity of the situation sat in, he sat up so fast he elbowed Dream's cheek.

"Fuck!" Dream cried.

"I can't believe we just did that." George's voice was raising in pitch with his panic.

Dream rubbed his face and sat up, much slower than the other. "Dude. First off, breathe."

"I can't!" George said.

"Why not?"

"I just had a flower-induced sex party with my best friend."

Dream paused. "I mean...fair. But hey. Look at me." He pushed George's jaw so their eyes met. "I'm fine. And you're fine. Did you have fun?"

George hesitated. "...Yes. I did."

"Me too. So we're fine. And you're fine. And we can cuddle until dinner and talk about it whenever you're ready. Okay?"

George nodded, allowing Dream to pull him closer so their chests met and they fell back onto the bed. "I mean...fine. That's fine. Okay."

Dream smiled at him. "Also, I need a promise."

"Okay?" George cocked an eyebrow.

"Don't sniff another fucking flower without having someone with working human eyes look at it first."

"Fuck you!"

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